

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 964. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1878. VOL. XXXVII. No. 26.

The Spirit of Italian, French, and German Music.

Lecture by Herr PAUER, at the London Institution.

Of all art lectures, the musical receives the largest share of public favor, and of all lecturers on this subject no one is more popular than Herr Ernst Pauer, whose discourses, clear, yet comprehensive, as full of interest as they are of instruction, invariably draw a crowded house. The theatre of the London Institution was filled by a large audience on the evening of the 14th ult., when Herr Pauer chose for his subject "The Spirit of Italian, French, and German Music." The careful and artistic interpretations of the pianoforte illustrations by the lecturer himself were, it need hardly be said, most heartily applauded.

Herr Pauer said: The aim of the present lecture is to point out the difference in the music of Italy, France, and Germany, and to show some of the principal reasons from which these have arisen; and I may express a hope that my audience will acquit me of any desire to unduly magnify my own country. If I maintain that the most perfect school is the German, it is because it most fully combines the requirements of science, art, and taste, and most closely follows the laws of nature, by obedience to which the highest and most perfect art is alone to be obtainable. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin;" but this universal influence acts in different ways, it presents varying features in north and south, and geographical conditions have no insignificant influence on the musical character. The characteristic features of the inhabitants of a country, their religion, social condition, and peculiarities of language, all influence the nature of their music. It may appear far-fetched to associate politics with musical art, but it is clear that a free government has as much influence on the advancement of art as a despotic one has in the opposite direction. To speak first of the characteristics of Italy: its every feature takes the fancy of the artist, its pure, mild, and balmy air, ocean-washed shores, the mountain chains, which are its natural barriers against tramontane gales, all incline to art. These irresistible charms of nature influence the people, and the poorest have an innate sense of beauty. The cultivation of art and science flourished most in mediæval times, but even in its decline the national love of art is manifest, and if the Italians lack earnestness, it cannot be denied that their artistic handling is light, tasteful, and replete with grace and symmetry. They have a natural sense of form and sound. An ear for tone and an eye for color and symmetry are innate in all classes, from the *duca* to the *pescatore*. Indeed, art questions, in which in other countries the learned alone are interested, are understood in Italy by all classes of the community, and a new opera becomes the topic of the day.

Every Italian is a musician, a painter, or a poet. Italy is essentially the country of the *improvisatori*. Its people have a talent for grasping the beautiful and intellectual, and producing them in a realistic, if not a sensuous form. The Italian is frugal, and the genial climate gives him what he wants without the trouble of working for it. Italy, also, is a Roman Catholic country, and nowhere else has music been so freely used as an accessory to religion. The grand services in St. Peter's, where masses, graduales, and offertories have been performed in thousands, have a world-wide fame. It is curious also to observe the

influence of the towns on music. Italy is the home of the municipal system; it has sixty towns of more than 20,000 inhabitants each, fifteen over 50,000, eight over 100,000, while Naples numbers above 400,000. These exercised immense influence, as is shown by the schools established—the Florentine, Roman, and Neapolitan. If Rome produced the finest specimens of sacred music, Florence could boast the invention of the opera, and Naples could point to Scarlatti, who improved nearly every branch of the art: to Venice belonged Lotti and Marcello, and to Bologna, Paolo Colonna. Such a state of things could only result in rivalry; but such rivalry was beneficial, as leading to excellence and improvement, and Italian art would probably not have made such progress if Lombardy and Naples, Piedmont and Sicily had not been mutually hostile. The language is most adapted to song, and is a kind of music itself: no other tongue so easily assimilates with music, and in no other is the tone and voice so free. In Italy the soft air is redolent of song. The popular amusement is singing, the collections of Sicily, Naples, Tuscany, and other provinces showing how necessary an adornment it is of Italian life.

But it is incorrect to call Italy the cradle of music. There was little national characteristic life before Palestrina. Celebrated Hollanders and Germans, such as Josquin des Pres, Lasso, etc., went to Italy to study counterpoint, and most of the best musicians before Palestrina were foreigners. Italian composers of all times have made it a necessity to consult the compass of the human voice, which is admittedly the most perfect of all instruments, the greatest praise that a performer can receive being that he makes his instrument sing or speak. Famous singers with flexible voices were very numerous, but this admiration of the mere voice was carried too far. As soon as the *aria di bravura* predominated, the superiority of song declined; and it must be assented to that where singers are the judges, the beauty of art is in danger. Composers were compelled to sacrifice themselves to the whims of singers, who considered the music as a vehicle for executive display. The effect of this undue preponderance of the singer may be recognized in every aria, the prelude and accompaniment becoming of the simplest kind, so that Richard Wagner's saying is very true, that the orchestra resembled a big guitar. Every town has an opera house; but the audiences are not satisfied with the repetition of well-known operas; they must at intervals have new ones also. Dr. Hauptmann writes from Rome: that Pacini began his opera, "I Fidanziati," four weeks before its representation, left for Milan the next day, where an opera was due in three weeks, while another was also wanted for Parma, and of neither was a note written. Such hasty work must be crude, for not every composer has the genius of a Mozart or a Handel, and can write a "Don Giovanni," or a "Messiah," as quickly as the score can be copied. The weakness in Italian operas is the want of detailed characteristic expression: "Lucrezia Borgia" and "Lucia di Lammermoor" contain much of the same material. Not a better example of this poverty is to be found than in the overture to the "Barbiere di Siviglia," which is used in two other operas. Another weakness is the introduction of *bravura* where it is out of place, and in direct contradiction to the nature of the aria, and that most important matter, the orchestral treatment, is too often inadequate and childish.

But to turn to the bright side. Italian com-

posers can boast pre-eminence in many qualities in which French and Germans are deficient. Their vocal compositions are bright, clear, fresh, and vigorous; they are born opera writers; indeed composer and opera writer become synonymous. In this they contrast with the Germans, for whom, as Rossini said, it is difficult to become simple, while for the Italian it is difficult not to become trivial. The Italians are more spontaneous and natural than the Germans, and their art is a medium for amusement and excitement. It resembles a merely handsome person, whose charms we admire, but grow tired of, when we find a lack of the education and refinement which can alone produce a profound and lasting pleasure. All the requirements of a perfect work of art are realized in "Le Nozze di Figaro," and "Don Giovanni." Mozart reached the highest perfection of Italian art, but he broke through existing habits and prejudices, and suffused it with high intellect and warmth. And it is doubtful if Rossini could have produced a "Barbiere," had there been no "Don Giovanni" or "Nozze di Figaro." The aim of the Italians is to write simply and pleasingly, with more nature and spontaneity than earnestness and intellect; while to the quieter German music is a serious art. Very characteristic of Italian opera writers is Rossini's story of a singer, who had to take the *aria di sorbetto*—so called because the audience eat ices during its performance—in a new opera. He says: his horrid *seconda donna* was very ugly and had an execrable voice, but on careful examination he found she had one good note, B flat; he therefore wrote an aria with nothing but B flat throughout, all the matter being given to the orchestra; the result was successful and the composer adds "my most monotonous singer was quite happy." From the tendency of present Italian music, and the preponderance of German, we may fairly conclude that the golden days of the former are for awhile gone. The singers at the Italian opera houses mostly come from France, England, America, and Germany. With a few exceptions, which only prove the rule, the Italian composers of the present day, lack purpose, true originality, and earnestness.

Herr Pauer then gave as illustrations, two pieces by Scarlatti, two by Clementi, a national song of the Venetian fishermen, and a Neapolitan tarantelle.

Passing to the consideration of French music, the lecturer said: There are two very prominent facts in the history of French music, first, that the *chanson* was developed there sooner than anywhere else, and secondly, that France owed improvement in her musical art greatly to foreigners. Lully, Rossini, and Spontini, were Italians; Grétry was a Fleming; Gluck and Meyerbeer were Germans. Lully was the founder of the opera; Rossini and Meyerbeer brought the grand opera to perfection. Among native composers are to be mentioned Rameau, Couperin, Boieldieu, Lesueur, Halévy, Méhul, Hérold, Auber, Berlioz, and Ch. Gounod. The characteristics of French music were the same in past times as they are now: grace, clearness, charming rhythmical life and variety of harmonic changes, elegance, taste, and that peculiarly French quality, piquancy, or the power of attracting and maintaining attention. There is a great difference between the Italian opera buffa and the French opera comique. In the one music is supreme, in the other dialogue. In the former there is no dialogue, the parts being connected by a recitativo; the action is simple and meagre, and vocal skill the chief requirement. But

dialogue forms the essential and music the smaller part of the opera comique, the development of the plot being of chief importance and not so easily rendered by music as in words. The excellence of the acting is the great thing, and a fine rich voice is not only an unnecessary, but is even regarded as a disturbing element. However, a graceful delivery and precise accentuation of light and shade are indispensable. The two most requisite qualities in the French operatic music are pliancy and subordination to the plot. The music must wait till it receives its cue, and exhibit no independence. The dialogue must be like that of friends in good society, where none speak too loudly or too much. It requires great intelligence and intrinsic wit.

The French treatment of opera is easy and graceful, and the difference between this and the Italian will be readily perceived by studying Auber's "Domino Noir," and Rossini's "Barbiere." An obvious characteristic of the French opera comique is its likeness in many parts to a quadrille; the reason for this is a very prosaic, indeed a pecuniary one; a tacit agreement exists between composer and publisher, that there shall be a certain number of airs suitable for quadrille, which serves the two ends of adding an agreeable lightness to the opera and a corresponding heaviness to the publisher's pocket. It is evidently to the interest of the composer to receive a large honorarium, but this *ad captandum vulgus* style of composing can have no longevity. The gems of the opera comique are Boieldieu's "Dame Blanche," and Auber's "Domino Noir," and "Fra Diavolo." While appreciating the importance of the *chanson* in the middle ages, we cannot be blind to the deleterious influence which it exercised on early French opera, for it possessed a lyric not a dramatic life, and was stiff and dry in character. The opera requires a deeper meaning and expression, more flowing harmony and rhythm. If the earlier French opera was a barren and parched soil, Rossini's influence was like refreshing rain on drooping buds, although the blossoms did not all reach full fruition. The fault was not all that of the composers, who were compelled to comply with the vitiated taste of the gay capital. Never was there such centralization as in France, whose entire art interests, centred in Paris, and such a concentration of rays to one focus, could not but have a pernicious influence. The French opera became an emanation from the Parisian salons, and the composer had to go to Paris to study the whims and caprices of singers, managers, and the critics. We shall see, on the other hand, that the superiority of German music is in a great measure due to the former political divisions of the empire. In military songs, and rhythmical and march movements, the French are pre-eminent. Where there is so much that is good it is from no prejudice or partiality that we point out the bad. The glittering French characteristics, *savoir faire* and *savoir vivre*, shine in their music no less than in their manners. Agreeable, not deep, their music is best adapted for social intercourse; the melodies are not abstruse but aim at sweetness, and are replete with taste, piquancy, clearness, and symmetry. With a correct and innate sense of roundness and smoothness, there is an absence of intensity, grandeur, and breadth, more technicality than fancy and inspiration.

Herr Pauer then played a piece by Rameau and two romances by Gounod. Almost all other composers who had written for the piano-forte, might, he said, be called Gallicized foreigners; to play a piece by Herz or Kalkbrenner would be merely to present a German composer with perhaps a little French varnish.

Resuming his remarks by turning to the music of Germany, the lecturer said: We find the superiority of German music to be the result of zeal and industry on the part of the composers and of other circumstances worthy of consideration. It is not necessary to begin before Se-

bastian Bach. There were excellent scholars and philosophers, such as Kuhnau and Schütz, but to say that they were graceful or pleasing composers would be stretching a point of antiquarian or national partiality. They all went to Italy to imbibe musical ideas, and German music was proceeding satisfactorily when the thirty years' war swept like a storm over the early blossoms of Teutonic art, and from the effects of that the recovery was long. Two points to be noticed in the early history of German music are the great influence of the chorale, and the organ, which retarded the spontaneous flow of German music just as the *chanson* fettered French art.

We have said that the later music owed its foundation to Johann Sebastian Bach, who did not disdain to learn from Italian and French composers. He invented the art of economy in the working of a composition, and the logical development of a theme or subject. His influence on the ecclesiastical and conventional spirit of the times was immense. To him is in a great measure due the order and development we find in Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. He did a good deal in vocal music, but could not rival the Italians. [?] There is no doubt however about his genius as an instrumental composer, and on his foundation of counterpoint, fugue, and canon, in all their details, and his logical principles of construction, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, reared their yet loftier structures. There was however a long preference for Italian music, the princes were partial to it, and as the princes so were the audiences. But this apparently disheartening fact had a salutary influence, for the cold forms of the period were warmed by the influence of Italian music, and the reforms originated by Haydn and Mozart resulted in the suffusion of individual feeling into what has been hitherto regarded only from an objective or outward point of view. This settled the superiority of German music, and the composers found in their own hearts an inexhaustible mine of song which differed from the Italian by the training and studies through which as through an alembic the melody passed. This the Italian lacked, and the charm it possessed was but a passing one. German superiority is due to the mastery over thousands of contrapuntal details and careful study of the capacities of the different instruments.

If deficient in vocal charm, it cannot be denied that this is counterbalanced by the greater advantages of truth of feeling, and economy of means. Music is not regarded in Germany as a pleasure merely, but as the noblest language of the soul; the composers dive to the depths of the human heart, while the French only touch the surface. The Forty-eight Preludes and Fugues, Handel's oratorios, Beethoven's, Schumann's, Mendelssohn's, and Weber's works, are music such as no other country can boast. That the German school will last may be adopted as a certainty, for it is the only one founded on psychological requirements and realizing all the demands of art. But we must not be unjust to others; each has its charms, but the beauties of the French and Italian are more specific, while the German takes broader views, and has the whole domain of nature as its fatherland. The oak, the national symbol of Germany, takes long to grow, is long lived, has a solid stem to withstand the storm, and its branches offer us a grateful shade; but we enjoy also the refreshing orange of the south, and the fragrant French rose; each and all have their own special charm, and are to be received and valued as the gifts of God. One thing is certain: that Germany has been more anxious to study what is good in other countries, and has thus more cosmopolitan art qualities than Italy or France. They would indeed never acknowledge this, for they look at music from another point of view, regarding it as a pleasure and recreation, while to the German it is an element of life, and an important ingredient in happiness.

Herr Pauer concluded by playing a Fantasia by Mozart, an Andante by Beethoven, a Rondo by Weber, and retired amid enthusiastic applause.—*London Musical Standard*, March 2.

Mr. Sims Reeves at Home.

[From "The London World."]

Some two-and-thirty years ago there was a sensation at Milan—heavily-taxed, Tedeschi-patrolled Milan—not yet rid of the hated white coats. At the renowned theatre of La Scala a young Englishman had for some time been carrying off the highest operatic honors. A foreigner and a tenor, he was singing in Italian, and making native tenors appear to sing small indeed. His teacher, the famous Alberto Mazzucato, was in raptures. The great Italian tenor Rubini, full of years and honors, made much of the young Englishman—told him how often he had occupied his dressing-room at La Scala, and showed him a curious series of notches in the door, which recorded the number of nights he had appeared in various rôles. The Northern tenor was the lion of the hour. Just as he was at the height of his popularity he was unfortunate enough to take cold. Nature, which had given him a larynx of perfect construction and lungs of magnificent capacity, having lined the former organ with a mucous membrane of extraordinary thinness, he found himself suddenly unable to sing, or at least to sing as perfectly as he wished. He begged the indulgence of the manager, and received a visit from the doctor, who refused him a certificate on the ground that there was "no fever," and that therefore he could sing. He remonstrated, but the medico was obdurate. In the Italy of that day no illness short of "fever" was acknowledged, and the *forestiere* could not be made an exception to the good old rule. The singer argued and implored, but, meeting with a deaf ear, finally declared—his native English obstinacy being aroused—that he could not, and would not, appear at the Scala that night. The doctor departed, and presently came a message commanding the tenor to appear at the usual time. Now thoroughly exasperated he returned no reply, but did not go. This would never do: *Lucia* could not very well be played without Edgardo, and the carriage in which the principal singer was conducted to the Scala every night came back again for him—this time with a couple of gendarmes with orders to bring the obstinate tenor dead or alive—for all this happened in the good old times. The gendarmes performed their mission, and delivered the body—happily alive—of Edgardo to the manager. Alive unquestionably, but also kicking (mentally) more furiously than ever against the high-handed proceedings taken against him. Brought face to face with his tyrant he bethought him of a homely English proverb; and calling into requisition his utmost power of translation gave a rendering in "very choice Italian," of "You may take a horse to the water, but you cannot make him drink." Convinced at last, the autocrat of the Scala gave in, and Edgardo did not, on that particular evening, curse people and appeal to the tombs of his fathers as was his wont.

This true story gives a fair idea of the almost morbid artistic conscientiousness which has, during his long and brilliant career, cost Mr. Sims Reeves a very large sum of money, and at times almost endangered his popularity. Nevertheless he has stood firmly by his opinion that to sing with a sore throat is unfair to the composer and the public, and destructive to the singer; but he may now be heard to admit that perhaps he has at times been too sensitive. Not so with his other pet theories concerning encores and concert-pitch. On these he is seldom tired of dilating in his leisure hours at Beulah Hill. On the summit of that agreeable eminence, exactly on a level with the cross of St. Paul's, he dwells in a charming house of red brick, with ample garden following the slope of the hill towards the remains of the once gipsy-haunted wood. From Mr. Sims Reeves' billiard room one may, under favorable atmospheric conditions, see towered Windsor. Verily a breezy spot, well suited to refresh lungs and brains suffering from the exhausted atmosphere of the theatre. The atmosphere of Norwood has stood Mr. Sims Reeves in good stead, for he is now as hale and active as when he first trod the boards of La Scala. A square-shouldered, thick-set man, rejoicing at home in a suit of tweed of uncertain hue—between a tortoise-shell and a tabby—relieved by a rose-colored necktie, a turquoise-and-diamond ring, and that famous watch-

chain—of mingled gold and coral—not to know which is to argue the absence of music from the soul. The once marvellous voice has naturally not improved between the ages of twenty-three and fifty-five, but its preservation is yet astounding enough when the wear and tear, heats and colds, of professional life are taken into consideration. It is entirely to the sage counsel of the venerable Mazzucato that the great English tenor attributes his long lease of voice. The method of the master may be explained in half-a dozen words: "When I took my boy over to study under him last summer, he said exactly the same thing he said to me long ago. 'We must keep the voice in the middle.' This is the secret of really fine tone, of the faculty of singing *cantabile* passages with effect, and of making a *coup* on a high note when it is wanted. Nothing is more destructive than perpetual exercise of the upper register. In singing a song written high, the voice becomes wearied before the *coup* is attempted, and recourse must be had to the horrible *vibrato*—the note never being clearly sung out at all. It is all very well to talk glibly of the *do di petto*. Duprez had it—a true genuine note, very unlike the *vibrato* effects of our day.

As we admire the handsome presentation plate which adorns the table—the splendid silver-gilt salver presented by grateful Birmingham, and the silver claret jugs from the Philharmonic and Sacred Harmonic Societies—the great tenor continues: "The voice should never be forced beyond its legitimate compass. I do not say that effort should not be used to produce an occasional high note, but it is the systematic straining upwards that is so objectionable. Various causes have contributed to bring about this unfortunate fashion, so destructive of the important middle part of the voice. Since the days of Handel the tendency of pitch has been persistently upwards, especially in this country. Between Handel's time and the year 1818, when a kind of opposition was made to the perpetual elevation of pitch, it had gone up half a tone, and since then has been raised half a tone more. The effect of this is obvious. When a singer is called upon to produce the A in 'Sound an alarm,' he actually produces the note which in Handel's time would have been exactly B, a strain on the singer compensated by no adequate improvement in the effect, at least of the vocal part. Instrumentalists and makers of musical instruments have favored this sharpening of the pitch, because it lends brilliancy to their work, but it is terribly severe upon the singer. Let us step upstairs into my study, and I will show you the various tuning-forks."

A slight climb takes us into a snuggerly where there is of course a pianoforte and a compact library, musical and otherwise. Mr. Sims Reeves produces an arsenal of tuning-forks, collected at various times and places, to prove his theory, and also the inconvenient fact that concert-pitch varies in a distressing manner. Thus while what is called "Society of Arts' pitch" in this country is almost identical with French pitch and Naples pitch, that recognized in this country is half a note higher. Organs have been again and again sharpened to meet the requirements of the fanatics for high pitch, and the mischief against which Mr. Reeves has been protesting for many years past appears for the moment irreparable. "This is not all," in his opinion, "that a vocalist has to contend against. The scoring of modern operas is exceedingly full, and unless the orchestra be like that marvellous one drilled by Wagner for the Bayreuth performances—perfectly under control, perfect in its piano—the singer has to do his utmost to make himself heard. No; I hardly think Meyerbeer's operas instances of exceptionally heavy scoring, but Verdi's certainly are. Verdi, too, has much to answer for in another way. He writes systematically high, and is fearfully hard upon all voices, especially the tenor. The old-fashioned bass has simply dropped out altogether, his place being occupied by the baritone." As the smoke curls lazily upward from a magnificent chibouk—the gift of Blumenthal—we hint that Verdi's music is the most popular of all, and must therefore possess some peculiar merit of its own. Mr. Sims Reeves concedes his undoubted genius, but yet protests against the unnecessary noise of his orchestra and the fearfully high notes extorted from the unfortunate singers. "I am afraid," he adds, "The public really like it. High notes and full scoring produce a certain effect—call it electrical, call it contagious, as you like, but an effect undoubtedly. Of all men the tenor is expected to make great efforts. He does so, and the wrecked voices of the last twenty-five years tell at what cost."

Perhaps many of Mr. Reeves' views are due to the fact that he is not only a singer, but a musician. The son of a musical father, he was early instructed in the classical school. While yet a very small boy he was exercised in the music of Handel and Purcell, writ with figured basses, and, thanks to this severe but wholesome method of instruction, became well skilled in the theory of music. At the age of fourteen he was sufficiently skilled to secure the post of organist at North Cray Church. As a child he was endowed with a fine voice, and was fortunate to escape the awkward "break" which often reduces the childish soprano to a commonplace baritone. Struck by the quality of his voice, his father placed him under the care of a teacher of singing, who, at first, deceived as to the real compass and quality of his pupil's voice—treated it as a baritone, and exercised it accordingly. As a baritone, then, the future Edgardo sang in Newcastle, Scotland and Ireland, on the Northern and the Western Circuit. As a change from Count Rodolpho and Dandini, he introduced a song called the "Flaunting Flag of Liberty," which for the time being became popular, but has long since died out of memory. Then came a London engagement, not at Her Majesty's, but at the Grecian Theatre, otherwise the Eagle, in the City Road, the home of that immortal Rouse whose name in the English language is inseparably connected with the expression of applause. From the lighter comic opera of the Grecian, the man who was to become the first of English tenors advanced to an engagement at Drury Lane, under the management of Macready, figuring as a Sicilian shepherd in *Acis and Galatea*, and subsequently in Purcell's *King Arthur*. It was in "Come, if you dare," that young Reeves made his first great stroke as a tenor singer, and it is characteristic of his painstaking character that the use he made of this success was to go to Paris to take lessons of Bordogni, and thence to Milan, where under Mazzucato he made such improvement as to enable him to appear at La Scala with the success already referred to. From the Scala he returned to England, and to Drury Lane, where, under the management of Jullien, he fully justified the brilliant reputation he had made in Edgardo. Then came a successful appearance in oratorio, and the electrifying "Sound an alarm," (never to be forgotten), engagements in Dublin, in the North, at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, and at Her Majesty's Theatre. There is little doubt that, in his career on the Italian lyric stage, Mr. Reeves experienced all the serious difficulties which beset Englishmen who attempt to compete with Italians in a domain which they conceive to be their peculiar inheritance. At Dublin the artist selected to sing Edgardo to the Lucia of Miss Catherine Hayes was a Signor Pagliere, whose failure was so complete as to induce the proverbially volcanic Irish audience to call loudly for "Reeves, Reeves!" who, having completed an engagement in English opera, was present in the house. An amusing scene occurred. Mr. Reeves declined to sing to please the manager (Mr. Calcraft), but, bowing to the public, who demanded "Reeves, Reeves!" asserted his readiness to sing to please them, and sang in Edgardo, to their great delight and the immense relief of Miss Catherine Hayes.

It might easily be imagined that an artist of Mr. Reeves' ability and independence of character holds a strong opinion on the subject of encores. In this respect at least he carries with him the more artistic section of the public. The prolongation of a miscellaneous concert to an inordinate length is a minor nuisance compared with the interruption of an opera or oratorio—often to the entire sacrifice of the dramatic situation, and the confusion of the composer's idea.

"I do not care," adds Mr. Reeves, "much for the practical view of the subject, that by encores particular songs the audience get double as much as they bargain for. That is a small matter. I base my objection on other grounds. You sing your song; you do your best to attain absolute perfection, and it in perfect health and voice perhaps approach it within a few degrees. There is applause, enthusiasm, the impression on the audience is sharp and clear. Then comes the encore. As a mild species of lion you have made your spring. You have done your best, and can barely hope to equal your first effort, and let you sing never so well the impression cannot be so good. The sparkle is gone. Of all men I have no reason to complain of the public; but, to be candid, I must confess that at popular concerts at least they encores the worst and noisiest pieces, and the artist is compelled to repeat

the showy bit of declamation that, in his musical consciousness, he despises."

Reticent of his opinions on contemporary singers, Mr. Reeves is by no means chary of expressing his views of the giants of his early days. In Mario he recognizes the singer *par excellence* of melody, the most skilful interpreter of *cantabile* passages; and in Tamberlik the master of musical declamation. No singer can entertain greater reverence for the "intention of the composer." The transposition of a part is to him a crime. "The composer knew exactly the effect he wished to produce, and never wrote in a particular key without a reason. There is color in music, and the transposition of a part deprives it of this color. Witness *Don Giovanni* when the part of the Don was heightened from baritone to tenor."

It will be seen that the great English tenor is a man of ideas. On the questions of pitch and encore he is immovable, but despite his classical training has a keen appreciation of the genius of Wagner. Few men are more genial and clubbable, although he is no longer seen at the Garrick. At the period when Thackeray, Justice Talford, and Sergeant Murphy haunted the old smoking-room of the club, Mr. Sims Reeves passed many of his happiest hours in their society; but he has long foresworn late hours, and lives entirely in his art and his pleasant home looking towards the Surrey hills.

Music in Leipzig.

Further Letters of JOHN F. HIMMELBACH to the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

LEIPZIG, FEB. 1, 1878.—The fifteenth Gewandhaus Concert was marked by two distinct features, one of which, particularly, had the effect of stirring the usually sedate and undemonstrative audience up to a degree of enthusiasm seldom witnessed in this city, and therefore all the more remarkable and noteworthy. Pablo de Sarasate, a young violinist of Spanish origin, came to Germany last year, and made his debut in the Gewandhaus, without, however, making an unusual impression. Since then he has been constantly developing and playing in every larger city of Germany and Austria, before audiences that grew larger and more enthusiastic with every succeeding concert. His fame spread with a rapidity altogether unprecedented in the history of modern virtuosos. But one year ago a perfect stranger, he is to-day personified popularity—a musical magnet, than whom there is no stronger.

The Sarasate of last year has certainly undergone a surprising and wonderful change, which change was most strikingly reflected in the audience last evening, as different from the audience of last year as is conceivable, so wild and uncontrollable was the enthusiasm it manifested. He was announced to play the new violin concerto, written for him by Max Bruch, which, however, for some reason or other, was not played, he playing instead, the same composer's first concerto, a composition on the repertoire of every good violinist and often heard, but which, by the interpretation of Sarasate, was clothed with new and fresh charms, making it seem, indeed, like a new composition. He also played a composition of his own, "Zigeunerweisen," which, it may safely be said, can only be played by the composer, so abnormal and heaped are its difficulties—difficulties that seemed anything but such by his playful and easy manner of overcoming them.

Besides the numbers already referred to, the programme was the following:

Gade—Overture, "Im Hochland;" Weber—Aria from "Euryanthe;" Schubert—Unfinished Symphony in B minor; songs: "Gute Nacht," "Erstarrung," "Der Lindenbaum" and "Geforne Thärlin;" Andante and variations from string quartet in D minor.

The entire second part of the programme, devoted to the memory of Franz Schubert, (born January 31st, 1797), and the singing of Eugen Gura, a favorite here, dating from his former connection with the opera and now in Hamburg, formed the second enjoyable feature of this concert. The orchestra was at its best, notably in the exquisitely tender Andante of the symphony.

The experiment of playing a string-quartet with increased parts will, by many, be considered a doubtful one, since what is to be gained by the greater sonority of tone does not counterbalance the very much that must necessarily be lost in delicacy, and particularly in all those very peculiar charms belonging to the simple quartet; the use, therefore, of such an experiment is not very apparent, unless it be to test the virtuosity of a string-orchestra, which, in the case of the Gewandhaus, was not necessary.

Of Gura's singing, nothing but praise—praise absolute and unqualified—can be written; gifted, as he is, with a voice of large compass and of a very sympathetic quality, he joins with these rare musicianship and startling good taste; from this it may be easily inferred that the beautiful songs of Schubert could not have a more worthy interpreter.

The following have been the operas given during the week: *Tannhäuser*, (in which opera, Schott, from Hanover, in the title rôle, created a sensation), *Figaro's Marriage*, *Treasure*, and *Lucia di Lammermoor*.

LEIPZIG, FEB. 8th, 1878.—The more prominent concerts given during the present week were devoted almost exclusively to choral music. First in order was the concert of the distinguished society, under the leadership of Carl Riedel, whose name it bears; it was given last Sunday afternoon, in the large church of St. Thomas. The programme was an exceedingly interesting one, whose merits were greatly enhanced by the faultless interpretation it met with, both on the part of the Society and of the several soloists; it was as follows:

Girolamo Frescobaldi (1583-1653)—Prelude for organ.
Joaquín de Pés (1850)—Missa "Pange lingua" and Hymn "Tu pauperum."
Tannhäuser (1273)—Busied.
Claude Goudimel (1595-1572)—Psalm.
Claudin le Jeune (1580-1611)—Psalm.
Johann Peter Tewelink (1540-1621)—Fantasie for organ.
Heinrich Schütz (1585-1672)—Psalm 130.
Dietrich Buxtehude (1637)—Passacaglia for organ.
Alessandro Stradella (1632-1678)—Fragments from a Cantata and Johann des Täufers, an oratorio.
Friedemann Bach (1710-1784)—Fugue for organ.
Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)—Motet, "Fürchte dich nicht."

The eighth Euterpe Concert proved to be the proudest achievement of this institution this season. The principal number of its programme was Reinecke's "Hakon Jarl," a very elaborate composition, written for orchestra, male chorus, with baritone, tenor and alto solo parts. It was written for one of the singing societies of the University, Pauliner, and was first sung by them at their annual concert last winter. The subject, in brief, treats of Hakon Jarl's unsuccessful attempt to resist Christian influence, not yielding, however, until he and his followers are defeated in battle by the Christian hosts, led by Olaf Trygvason. Thora, though ruthlessly deserted by the ambitious and flint-hearted Jakon, remains his noble and faithful wife to the end. The composition is one of Reinecke's best efforts, the choruses, particularly, being spirited and full of dramatic life; next to these, Hakon Jarl is, musically, characterized with much boldness and intensity, while the parts of Thora and Olaf seem somewhat pale in comparison. The second of the University societies, Arion, sang the choruses, and as if they thoroughly enjoyed their work. Herr Schelper, a splendid artist, gifted with a magnificent baritone voice, had the part of Jakon to sing, which he did with telling effect. The remaining parts were ably taken care of by Fräulein Boggstover and Herr Pielke.

Besides "Hakon Jarl," the programme consisted of the following numbers:

Overture, Scherzo and Finale.....Schumann
Rhapsodie, for Chorus, Alto Solo, and Orchestra,
Brahms
Tarantelle, } Piano Solos. { Schumann-Reinecke
Lotushblume, } Chopin
Ungarisch, } David-Liszt
Norwegian Melody, } For
Menuet, } String Orchestra. { Boccherini

All were well pleased; the Menuet had to be repeated. The pianiste was Franklin Hübel, from Oldenburg.

The sixteenth Gewandhaus Concert was devoted entirely to music of a choral nature, namely, Cherubini's *Requiem*, and Mendelssohn's Forty-second Psalm. Both compositions, as may be expected from the lofty standard of this institution and the extraordinary abilities of its leader, Carl Reinecke, found worthy interpretation; but the fact that fully one third of the comparatively small hall was taken up by the active participants made the speedy termination of the new hall seem more desirable than ever, if such music is to be cultivated in future.

LEIPZIG, FEB. 16th, 1878.—Of the many concerts given during the present week, but two shall be referred to in this, namely, the one given by Carl Reinecke and the regular Gewandhaus concert, the seventeenth of the season. The following was the programme of the former:

Trio—Op. 40, piano, violin and horn.....Brahms
Duets—Op. 143, alto and baritone.....Reinecke
Andante and Variations—Op. 46.....Schumann
Dornröschen—For soprano, alto and baritone, solos and chorus.....Reinecke

Carl Reinecke has written compositions of every conceivable style and form, from the opera ("Manfred," "Ein Abenteuer Haendels," and others) to the simplest piano composition within the limit of five tones. Where such a wide range is taken, only a Beethoven or a Mozart or a genius of equal magnitude, can be uniformly successful. He has written much that doubtless possesses but little value, even in his own eyes; but in one certain form of composition, belonging to the class of "Dornröschen" and "Schneewittchen," he is decidedly great. For these Märchen or fairy-tales he has found precisely the proper tone, and that, too, without any

apparent effort, with the very simplest of means, in perfect harmony with the tender spirit of the Märchen. Whatever the future fate of his greater works may be, these will certainly live, just so long as there is a taste for the tender and the poetic.

Dornröschen, like *Schneewittchen*, is divided into choruses, solo and ensemble parts, accompanied by the piano. The choral parts are only for female voices, and very easy of performance. The solos, also, are far from difficult, while the pianist, particularly in *Dornröschen*, has more than a mere accompaniment to play. The favorable circumstances attending its performance on Friday evening were of an exceptional order; Reinecke himself sat at the piano, the chorus was selected from members of the Gewandhaus, and the solos were in the hands of the following artists: Paul Bulse, baritone, and Melitta Otto-Alvleben, soprano, from Dresden; Auguste Hohenschild, alto, from Berlin.

Schumann's variations were perfectly played by Xaver Scharwenka and Reinecke, who also with Röntgen (violin) and Gumbert (horn) interpreted the trio of Brahms.

The programme of the Gewandhaus concert, on Thursday evening, must have satisfied the most fastidious musical tastes; it was the following:

Mendelssohn—Overture, "Schöne Melusine."
Haydn—Aria from "Creation."
Scharwenka—Concerto, B flat minor, Op. 32.
Beethoven—Adelaide.
Chopin—Friede.
Schumann—Nachtstück. } Piano solos.
Scharwenka—Etude.
Haydn—Symphony, G major.

That the orchestral numbers were well played is a matter of course; but Heinrich Vogl, from Munich, reaped most of the honors, and deservedly so, for a tenor of such wonderful beauty is not to be heard very often. During the week he has also been singing the parts of Joseph, in Méhul's *Joseph in Egypt*, and *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin* in Wagner's operas. Double prices charged, and every seat in the large theatre sold, convey very plainly what a remarkable artist he must be. In the most poetical of Wagner's creations, *Lohengrin*, he is particularly great, all the critics agreeing, for once, in their unqualified admiration of such high art as is represented by him in the performance of this beautiful part.

Xaver Scharwenka is a young man who, in later years, has acquired considerable fame as a composer, notably for his own instrument, the piano, as a master of which he introduced himself in this concert. As a pianist, he has much in common with Reinecke, while as a composer he seems to waver between Schumann and Chopin, with here and there a spark of originality. This assertion is based on the acquaintance with his Concerto, by him beautifully played, a piano-quartet and several other solo compositions. That he was able to maintain his own alongside of the distinguished tenor, must be emphasized as being particularly creditable under the circumstances.

LEIPZIG, FEB. 22, 1878.—The only important musical event of this week was the concert given in the Hall of the Gewandhaus, for the benefit of the pension fund of the orchestra. The programme was the following:

Frühlings-overture.....Götz
Aria, from "Taming of the Shrew,".....Götz
Concerto, No. 2, for violin.....Bruch
Siegfried—Idyl.....Wagner
Rondo-capriccioso, for the violin.....Saint-Saëns
Ballet music from "Der Dämon,".....Rubinstein

It is immaterial to know whether accident or design caused it to consist entirely of novelties, for such they were, for this city at least, and, with one exception, the works of composers still living. The exception referred to is Hermann Götz, who died December 3, 1877, at the age of only thirty-six years. His name will be perpetuated by two monuments, in the form of a symphony, in F major, and an opera, "The Taming of the Shrew." The fact that these were written while on the very border of the grave, slowly dying of consumption, gives them, apart from their merits, a very peculiar interest. They are two works such as could only have emanated from the brain and heart of a man endowed with the rarest of gifts. Had he been permitted to live, his powers being certainly not nearly exhausted yet, and which would steadily have grown and developed in their use—he would, without a doubt, have enriched musical literature with many a noble creation; thinking of this, one cannot help regretting his untimely decease. Mozart, Weber, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Chopin, Ernst, Tausig, all having died in their young manhood, it would seem as if genius were doomed to an early grave.

The orchestra was at its very best, of which there was need indeed, to save the Wagner Idyl from being the reverse of enjoyable, while even a much less exact performance would not have essentially marred the enjoyment of the other orchestral numbers.

The violin concerto of Max Bruch has one disadvantage to contend with, namely, that the same composer has written another violin concerto, probably the best, and certainly the most famous after Mendelssohn. It

will be difficult not to measure the one by the merits of the other, when it will be found wanting. It was played by no less an artist than Pablo de Sarasate, for whom it was written, and to whom it is dedicated. As he stepped on the stage, like a hero, he was greeted by a thrice-repeated trumpet flourish, and the audience, as if determined not to be excelled, spared neither lungs, hands nor gloves in its more than enthusiastic greeting. For a while it seemed as if applause was to be the only music for the rest of the concert. How he played, after the storm had subsided into an intense silence, is indescribable; but the effect was thrilling and altogether wonderful.

Frau Sucher-Hasselbeck, wife of the opera conductor in this city, and herself a prominent member of the same opera, sang well, without, however, giving such full expression to the aria as it is capable of receiving, and must receive, if the grandness and depth of the music be properly appreciated.

The operas of the week have been Wagner's *Lohengrin*, Marschner's *Templer und Jüdin* and Verdi's *Il Trovatore*.

Brüell's "Golden Cross" at Berlin.

(From the "Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung, Dec. 30th, 1875.")

On the 22nd, for the first time *Das goldene Kreuz*, opera in two acts, libretto by Mosenthal, from the French, music by Ignaz Brüell. The piece *Catherine, ou la Croix d'or*, by Brazier and Melleville, was (in the German translation by Georg Harrys) a very popular stock piece, forty years ago, at all German theatres; the character actors of the period (headed by Heinrich Marr) were fond of playing the Sergeant. I myself often saw the piece in the old Königstädtisches Theater, on the Alexander Platz, with Fritz Beckmann as Nicolas Bottin, and Friedrich Genée as the Sergeant. In Mosenthal's adaptation, which in other respects follows the scenario and characters of the original piece, and is executed with the author's well-known skill, the interest, and so to speak the centre of gravity of the work is, strange to say, shifted. While, in the original, the first act appeared only to be a broadish exposition, or prelude, to pave the way for the events of the second act, the first act of the opera is (as it necessarily must be, from its offering the composer an opportunity for concerted pieces of the most varied nature) the more extensive and more particularly prominent, musically speaking, while the second act has become a much shorter postlude, which winds up the preceding events. Herr Brüell has achieved with his first work a complete and genuine success, such as is seldom met with in the same place. And, I am glad to say, he has done so most justly. He shows for this kind of composition no ordinary natural qualification; without racking his brains, without affecting any peculiar tendency, and without coquetting with learning, he goes boldly ahead, writes melodiously and concisely, and for these reasons very soon gains over his audience—who are really not the masses alone. His music is pleasing and never obtrusively pretentious; it lies well and clearly both for voices and instruments. Its success is consequently easily explicable. If I wished to name certain numbers as especially distinguished by applause, I should have to name them all, for each one was followed by continuous plaudits. Especial honor was paid to the Sergeant's Song in the second act; in compliance with a tumultuous request, one verse had to be repeated. It is true that this song is not one of the most successful things in the score, but, thanks to the situation, the pleasing words, and the catching melody (especially of the burden), it is extraordinarily effective; I feel firmly convinced that it will also obtain a *Da capo* at all future performances. After both acts the composer was called on with the actors. I believe that, when he shall have exhausted all the fancy which he has swimming about on the surface, Herr Brüell will discover underneath something more independent, and therefore more lasting; in a word, that we may expect from him, in the field of gracefully-comic opera, much that will be highly gratifying. The performance, carefully directed by Herr Radecke, and put on the stage in a spirited and pleasing fashion by Herr Salomon, did justice to the intentions both of the author and of the composer. To Mdle. Lehmann (Catherine) and Herr Krolop (Sergeant Bombardon) I should have no objections to make, if the lady could succeed in giving a somewhat more noble expression to her dialogue, especially in the more emotional parts, and if Herr Krolop would adopt a simpler, and therefore truer style of acting; he labors under the practice of wishing to do everything too well. Herr Ernst has seldom pleased me so much in any part as in that he now sustains; it seems to suit him especially well. Mdle. Horina (Therese) and Herr Schmidt

(Nicolas) worked successfully and humorously for the general result. Especial praise is due to the chorus, from whom occasionally thoroughly *obligato* efforts are demanded; both ladies and gentlemen displayed such lively interest in the action that they seemed absolute factors in it. Bravo for the chorus-master, Herr Kahl. I have already mentioned the favorable reception accorded to the opera; may its lucky star still continue to shine! So sparkling and natural a work at a period like ours, when music is put on the rack or kills us with its noisy brass, does one good.

FERDINAND GUMBERT.

"The Golden Cross" in English.—Carl Rosa Opera Company.

The English version of Herr Ignaz Brüll's opera, *Das Goldene Kreuz*, produced at the Adelphi Theatre on Saturday night before a densely-crowded audience, won as frank a success as can be remembered for years past. There was no mistake about the impression created. The applause from beginning to end was as genuine as it was hearty and frequent, and when the curtain fell at the termination of the first act no doubt could be entertained as to the ultimate result. The popularity enjoyed, not only in Vienna, where *Das Goldene Kreuz* was first produced, at the Imperial Opera House, but in many of the principal towns of Austria and Germany, is easy to understand. We hail in it a return to the good old school, in which horrors are not essential to the story, nor mysteries often unfathomable, to the music. The German mind has been for some years stretched to the utmost by the tests to which both operatic and exclusively instrumental composers have submitted it; and now comes forward a musician with something of another kind, a work deriving its principal and abiding charm from the Pierian spring of melody. That Herr Brüll's melody is always or even often original may not be said. Others before him have drawn from the same spring; and that the Viennese composer, whether consciously or unconsciously we are unable to decide (believing the latter), has derived advantage from their labors is unquestionable. Auber, whose melodies were always fresh, new, and marked with such strong individuality that any hearer might at once exclaim, with perfect self-assertion, "That's Auber," continually rises up before us; and so with others who might be named, including Weber. Not that Herr Brüll is open to the charge of plagiarism. On the contrary; but as we felt bound to say with reference to the excellent pianoforte concerto introduced by him, a week since, at the Crystal Palace, "the themes now and then conjure up reminiscences of themes we have heard before, although unable, perhaps, immediately to identify them." As with the concerto so with the opera. Nevertheless, we wholly agree with one of Herr Brüll's most cordial appreciators, Herr Ferdinand Gumbert, the well-known Berliner critic—"when all the fancy he has swimming about the surface becomes exhausted, he will discover something more independent, and, consequently, more lasting." Meanwhile we must be satisfied to accept him for what he actually is. We had already made acquaintance with him here as a brilliant pianist and a clever writer for the instrument of his predilection, and on Saturday Mr. Carl Rosa gave us a further opportunity of recognizing one of the most promising operatic composers of the day. We say "promising," because Herr Brüll, if we are rightly informed, has not yet attained his thirty-first year.

The story of *The Golden Cross* will not take long to narrate. It is one of very many belonging to the period of the straggling home-coming of the remnant of the great French army after Napoleon's disastrous campaign in Russia. The *dramatis personæ* comprise Nicolas Pairet, or "Colas," as he is familiarly styled, a mill-owner and innkeeper at the village of Mélon (Mr. Snazelle); Theresa, his cousin and affianced bride (Miss Josephine Yorke); Christina, his sister (Miss Julia Gaylord); Gontran de L'Ancre, a young French nobleman (Mr. Joseph Maas); and Bombardon, a recruiting sergeant (Mr. Aynsley Cook.) It is on the appointed wedding day of Nicolas and Theresa that the curtain rises. Their dismay may be imagined on hearing that a recruiting sergeant has just arrived to carry out the dictates of the conscription. That Nicolas should be one of the "elect" is a matter of course, otherwise there would be no story and no opera. The despair of Theresa is touching. It is her wedding day, and her husband is to be taken from her before the ceremony is solemnized. Christina is equally

chagrined both on account of her brother and her brother's sorrowful bride; but she is made of more heroic stuff. Among the young men lucky enough not to be drawn for the conscription are several who have professed devotion to Christina and asked her in marriage, though in vain. To these she now appeals, as much in vain as had been their appeals to her with a different object. She vows that the man who will consent to act as substitute for her brother shall be rewarded with her oft-solicited hand and heart; but no one finds courage to accede, even though Christina takes off the golden cross which she wears on her neck as guarantee that he who brings it back is the rightful claimant for her affections. They are all of them too great cowards, and leave her to wish that she could go herself, like Caterina in the *Etoile du Nord*. Nicolas, however, who possesses the heart and the courage of a dozen of each of such men, has made ready to march with his doomed companions, when Bombardon suddenly appears with the welcome news to Christina that a substitute has volunteered to take his place, demanding from her, as token, the golden cross which, should he return, will identify him and enforce her to fulfil the pledge she has so nobly offered. The substitute is Gontran de L'Ancre, who, having been crossed in love, desires to join the wars. Christina has never seen him; but Bombardon knows all about the story through an incident upon which it is needless to dwell. While the departing soldiers are singing "Rataplan," Gontran's voice, in a tender strain, heard from a distance, bids farewell to his native land. The wedding festivities are renewed, and the curtain falls upon a scene as animated as that of the *finale* to the second act of *Faust*, terminating with a general waltz, in which the chorus join, scarcely less effective than that almost incomparable one of Gounod, and probably—who can say?—suggested by it. The effect of the entire *finale* is undeniable, and may be said to have decided the success of the opera.

The second act is shorter, and contains much less music than the first. It, nevertheless, carries out the whole consistently. Three years are supposed to have elapsed. We are again at the village of Mélon. In the interim Nicolas himself has been to the wars, and, wounded, brings back with him a certain "Captain," under whom he has immediately served. He is now again happy with his wife Theresa; while Christina, anxious for the return of her brother's voluntary substitute, has been nursing the "Captain," and in the performance of this tender office unwittingly loses her heart. At the same time she is resolved to keep her promise and wed the man who restores to her the golden cross. He comes not, however; but eventually the "Captain," the real Gontran de L'Ancre, as our readers need scarcely be informed, who in a fit of disappointed love had sacrificed himself for her sake, and during the interesting period of his nursing (unlike Sir Lancelot, in similar circumstances, heart-proof against the fair Maid of Astolat) becomes enamored of his nurse, tells her that he was her champion. Not having in his possession, however, the golden cross, she does not believe him, and, despite the feelings he has inspired within her breast, rejects him as a pretender. From this point the *dénouement* or unknitting of the whole may be easily surmised. Bombardon, the recruiting sergeant, who has watched over the supposed dying moments of Gontran on the field of battle, returns, himself a mutilated soldier, with the cross received from Gontran, whom he believed to be dying. This he delivers to Christina, which absolves her from her vow. Whereupon the "Captain" appears again; Bombardon recognizing him as Gontran, the legitimate owner of the golden cross, embraces him, and, as Mr. J. P. Jackson, who has so well put the German libretto into English, pleasantly adds, "all things are righted, every one delighted, loves are freshly plighted, and lovers happily united." Such is the book, taken originally by Mosenthal from a French piece, entitled *La Croix d'Or*, and literally translated for the English stage. We have no intention of entering into minute details about the score of *The Golden Cross*, or of drawing up a catalogue of its various numbers, piece by piece. That would answer no definite purpose with regard to a work so uniformly unpretending. It must be judged, as a whole, to be appreciated at its worth; and, as it is likely that most opera-goers will sooner or later avail themselves of the opportunity of hearing it, it is better to allow the public to decide for themselves. Though all the pieces are by no means of equal merit, not one of them can be pronounced "dull," so fluently, and so strictly in consonance with the personages, situations, and stage business

is the whole wrought out. Herr Brüll writes skillfully for voices, whether dealing with solos, chorus, or concerted *ensembles*, of which the well and spiritedly conducted *finale* to the first act affords ample proof. He is also a thorough master of the resources of the orchestra, which are used from first to last as effectively as could be wished.

The performance is in all respects efficient. The unanimous encore awarded to the overture showed that the orchestra was in good form, and this was maintained to the end. Miss Julia Gaylord has added materially to her always increasing repute by her singing and acting as Christina; Miss Josephine Yorke is a lively and sensible Theresa; Mr. Joseph Maas, who has been engaged for some years as principal tenor of the Kellogg Operatic Company in the United States, returns to us with both voice and style greatly improved; Mr. Snazelle is more than acceptable as Nicolas; and Mr. Aynsley Cook is a capital Bombardon—a sort of cross between Belcore in the *Elisir d'Amore* and Sulpizio in the *Figlia del Reggimento*. All these artists have made themselves thoroughly acquainted with the music of the characters assigned to them, and act with more or less intelligence—the palm being deservedly awarded to Miss Gaylord. There is only one scene—the village of Mélon, which in the second act, after the three years' interval, is precisely the same as in the first; but that scene is both appropriate and picturesque. The costumes, from designs by Mr. Charles Lyall, are historically accurate; and the *mise-en-scène* leaves nothing to be desired. Mr. Rosa conducted the performance with the talent derived from long practised experience. We have stated that the overture was encored, and may here add the more's the pity, since it unnecessarily prolonged the performance. The system of encores could easily be resisted by a manager with a will for the deed, and such a manager we might reasonably look for in Mr. Carl Rosa. Of course, at the end of each act there were calls for the leading singers, the composer, the author of the adaptation (Mr. Jackson), and last, not least, for Mr. Rosa, who again brought forward Herr Brüll—a custom which, except on special occasions like the present, it would be just as well to ignore as that of "encores." Happily, *The Golden Cross*, compared with many other operas, is refreshingly short.—*Times*.

"Around the World in Eighty Days."

When Jules Verne describes how a typical Englishman hurried around the world in eighty days in order to win a bet, we can laugh at the fiction and its funny incidents. After all, it is only a romance, and a French novelist writes for success. But here, in our country, we have a reality, Dr. Eben Tourjée's, as he calls it, "Grand Musical and Educational Excursion to Europe, including Northern Ireland, Scotland, France, Belgium, the Rhine District, Northern Prussia, Switzerland, and a visit to the Paris Exposition." All this has to be done in sixty days, including the ocean travel both ways, so that about forty days are dedicated to sight-seeing in Europe. That an excursion of that character cannot very well be either musical or educational is easy enough to understand. The party will "do" Great Britain and the Continent as so many Americans have done before them, and then return home with some vague notions picked up from guide-books, lectures of the "professors," and their own experience. Dr. Tourjée cannot make us believe that travelers can study the customs and ways of more than half a dozen different nationalities in the short space of forty days. We do not deny his excellent connections in Europe; they will afford, him no doubt, ample opportunities to satisfy the demands of his *clientèle* as to taking in as much as possible in one day. But, after all, where is the gain of such proceedings, when each is compelled to see—is obliged always to take in new objects of interest, till body and mind are so tired out that they long for rest; and it might happen that Dr. Tourjée's whole party, including the "professors," will be very glad to reach home again, in order to rest from the bother of continual sight-seeing. Dr. Tourjée has published a pamphlet about his undertaking, and says: "The advantages arising from personally visiting and inspecting the romantic scenery, the grand old cathedrals, the museums, the art galleries, institutions of learning, and the many other objects of interest with which the Old World is crowded, is greater than books can furnish." That is all very true—there is only a slight difference between inspecting and hurrying through. To make the *tournée* Dr. Tourjée proposes really an ed-

educational one, he wants at least as many weeks as he has days at his disposal. We should like to see the party coming back about Sept. 1st, and inquire about their studies abroad. Most of them will willingly confess that they were only too glad when evening came and they could retire for the night, the darkness of which fortunately forbids sight-seeing. We do not know whether Dr. Tourjée has schemed this excursion out of pure humanity or for the sake of making money. In the latter case, the affair is cheap, and the projector gives full value for the price of \$400 in gold. This sum furnishes all expenses from New York back to New York, and entitles the excursionist to a full participation in all the educational advantages of the trip, including lectures, literary and musical exercises, concerts on board the steamer going to and coming from Europe, etc., etc.

A great many things are offered which actually do not amount to anything, but nevertheless they read very nicely and make display. What, for instance, is meant by concerts on board the steamer, to which ticket-holders are entitled free of charge? Has Dr. Tourjée engaged Christine Nilsson or Lucia for the trip? Has he made arrangements with Theodore Thomas and his orchestra to accompany his excursion party to Londonderry and back again? We did not hear anything about these arrangements, and it seems to us that, if there are concerts on board the steamer, the excursionists have to look for the *virtuosi* among themselves. That the *non-virtuosi* are entitled to attend these entertainments free of charge is no speciality of Tourjée's enterprise; it is a general rule on board the steamers, for it would not be advisable to chuck those who refuse to pay the admission fee overboard, or to put them in a dark closet till the concert is over. Generally these concerts are for the benefit of the sailors, this time they will be given for educational purposes. But these concerts will not be the only musical feature of the trip across the water. There will be daily choral practice on the steamer, under the direction of Carl Zerrahn. This must be charming! Imagine twenty young ladies, who did not sleep very well on account of a rough sea during the night. They appear on deck at 8 A.M. pale, shivering, bundled up in wrappings, blankets and shawls, and wish they had never undertaken this trip to the Old World. They abuse Tourjée, they hate Zerrahn, they detest the musical and educational purposes; everybody who has crossed the ocean knows this feeling of hatred, which in reality is nothing else but sea-sickness. The poor girls lounge around on steamer chairs to get the fresh breeze, which carries them back to life. A cup of coffee and a biscuit is their morning meal, and after two hours' rest on deck they feel their strength coming back; their blood becomes warmer again, and, just as they begin to feel thoroughly comfortable, the stalwart figure of Mr. Carl Zerrahn appears on deck, and *bdton* in his hand, smilingly invites them down to the saloon for choral practice. Some girls like the singing practice, others do not care to show their weakness, and master strength enough to follow their sisters.

After an hour or so of choral practice, when Zerrahn feels satisfied to have wielded the *bdton* long enough for one day, the ladies are dismissed and rush on deck again. Our imagination is so strong that we can see the poor victimized creatures running upstairs to breathe again God's fresh, pure air, which is not yet adulterated by Dr. Tourjée's educational purposes. But if Dr. Tourjée's description of the steamer "Devonia" is correct, we must be wrong; there cannot be any sea-sickness on board. The following glowing terms describes the wonderful saloon:

"This saloon is peculiar to this vessel, and forms a feature wholly unique in steamer architecture. Removed from all suggestiveness of the kitchen and other internal departments of the steamer, it will afford at all times a delightful retreat for the passengers, who may almost imagine themselves in some pleasant pavilion or hall on shore, so unlike is it to the ordinary accommodations furnished at sea. Among the appointments of this lecture and concert hall will be a grand piano and organ. Another unique feature on board this vessel is a veritable garden of flowers."

Grand, really wonderful! It is strange we never heard of those wonders before. A concert hall on board a steamer, and a veritable garden of flowers, and passengers may "almost imagine themselves on shore." This "almost" is excellently expressed. We are sorry that Dr. Tourjée does not add, that the screw of the vessel, by his arrangements with

the company of the Anchor Line, works without the least noise, and that no coal will be used during the trip, in order to avoid the smoke and dust, so dangerous to the throat and the vocal organs.

After the projector has told in his pamphlet how many churches and organs his party will see on their tour, he wisely adds: "The study of the countries to be visited, through histories, books of travel, guide-books, etc., is suggested to every one as a means of gaining many practical hints in advance." This remark is very sensible. Indeed, a guide book would be of value; Appleton or Bradshaw to the front! They have to help the professors to accomplish in forty days what others cannot master in a year. We hope that the steamer "Devonia" will be crowded on the 29th day of June, with the excursionists of Dr. Tourjée. We shall be at the wharf to see the party off, and scream with our full lungs, "God speed, and happy return!"—*Music Trade Review*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 30, 1878.

Concerts.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION. The ninth (and last but one) of the Symphony Concerts of this thirteenth season took place in the Music Hall on Thursday afternoon, March 14. The programme was uncommonly attractive, the audience uncommonly small.

Overture: "Weihe des Hauses," in C, Op. 124, Beethoven
Aria: "As when the dove," from "Acis and Galatea," Handel
..... Miss Fanny Kellogg
Symphony, No. 1, in C minor, Op. 68, Gade
Moderato and Allegro.—Scherzo.—Andantino.—Allegro con fuoco.

Unfinished Symphony, in B minor, Schubert
First movement: Allegro moderato.
Recit. and Aria from "Idomeneo," Mozart
..... Miss Fanny Kellogg.

REC. (Electra.) Estinto è Idomeneo? Tutto a miei danni congiura il ciel. Può a suo talento Idamante disporre d'un impero e del cor, e a me non resta ombra di speme? A mio dispetto, ah! lassal vedrò, vedrà, la Grecia, a suo gran scorno, una schiava Trojana di quel soglio e del talamo a parte? Invano Elettra ami l'ingrato, e soffre una figlia d'un re ch'ha ré vassalli ch'una vil schiava aspiri al grand'acquisto! O sdeguo! O smanie! O duol! più non resisto.

ARIA.

Tutte nel cor vi sento,
Furie del crudo avvezzo!
Lunghe a sì gran tormento
Amor, mercede, pietà.
Chi mi rubò quel core,
Quel che tradito ha il mio,
Provin dal mio furore,
Vendetta e crudeltà!

Overture to "William Tell" Rossini

Beethoven's broad and stately Dedication Overture (composed for the opening of a theatre) reveals new beauties and new depth of meaning with each new hearing. This time it was well brought out and made a marked impression. Gade's romantic Northern seashore Symphony, his first, and still the freshest and the best of all the eight which he has written, is always popular. It was played with spirit and, for the most part, with delicacy or with stirring power according to the character of the several passages and movements. Particularly enjoyable were the wild, tumultuous *Scherzo*, with its exquisitely fine fairy *Trio* (tiny sprites dancing on the beach by moonlight?),—the lovely vision fading away in the distance, as the realistic boisterous element returns,—and the tender sympathetic melody (led in by the oboe, and developed with consummate grace of form and delicate warmth of harmony by all the softer instruments of the orchestra) of the *Andantino*. These two middle movements are the most poetic and most strikingly original of the whole. The wild, heroic Vikingir energy and swing of the *Finale*, too, with its resounding Volkslied melody and multitudinous tramp of feet, like a marching chorus, is always exciting. These movements were all better rendered than the first,

in which the rhythm of the opening *Moderato* theme, and its affinity (identity almost) with the *Allegro* (that springs from it) was hardly so distinct as it might have been. But as a whole, the Symphony was evidently keenly relished.

Probably the single movement from Schubert's Unfinished Symphony bore off the palm with the majority of listeners. There is a fascination in the almost tragic sadness of its mood, as well as in the lovely little melody which lights it up, continually returning. And this was the best interpreted of all the numbers. The glorious old "William Tell" Overture, making a good offset to that of Beethoven, was less happy in the rendering, here and there betraying carelessness, perhaps for the very reason that it has become so familiar. Rossini must have foreseen Gilmore when he put on that *Finale*!

MISS FANNY KELLOGG won new honors by her selection, as well as by her artistic rendering, of two such Arias drawn from the purest and noblest sources. It is a good sign for her and for musical Art among us, that a singer with her vocal means and training devotes herself, with evident sincerity, to music of so high a character. Her voice, always clear and sweet, steadily gains power and volume, and her execution is artistic for one who has so recently entered upon the career of a concert singer. Clearly she has been under good and wise influence of late, the influence which inspires effort in a high and true direction, and which at the same time prudently withholds and guides. The Air from "Acis and Galatea," a song in Handel's happiest melodic vein, was just one of the thousand instances of the music of those times which fail of their effect without something artistically and wisely done in the way of what is commonly called "additional accompaniments." In Handel's score we find only two violin parts and bass, with a single oboe; no viola or any middle harmony whatever. This thin and gaping texture, full of empty spaces, had been carefully filled out and completed by Mr. Dresel; or, in other words, Handel's harmonic and contrapuntal intentions had been by him developed, he doing for this Aria about the same sort of work that Mozart had done for the *Messiah*, and Robert Franz for the Passion Music of Bach. So that the song was given for the first time with a complete and rich orchestral score—a task by no means mechanical or slight—and probably was for the first time appreciated at its full worth.

The scene from Mozart's first real Opera, *Idomeneo*, the creation of a boy almost, as a piece of noble, intense, and inspired dramatic music, may rank with the best things he ever did; *Don Giovanni* contains nothing greater of its kind. The orchestral accompaniment is wonderful, the declamation worthy of the greatest singer's powers, and its style is declamatory and impassioned rather than melodious. Miss Kellogg gave the Recitative with thrilling fire and force, spending herself so freely there, that in the Aria her voice appeared somewhat fatigued, although it was all very finely sung. She was recalled with sincere admiration and respect, which she acknowledged modestly, but sang no more.

On Thursday of this week (too late for notice here) the present season of Symphony Concerts came to an end. The programme, essentially changed since the first announcement, was as follows:

PART I. Overture to "St. Paul," Mendelssohn; The Nightingale Aria from Handel's "Il Penseroso" (Miss LILLIAN BAILEY); Concerto in C, for three pianos, with String Orchestra, Bach (B. J. LANG, J. C. D. PARKER and A. W. FOOTER). PART II. Overture to "Eosamunde," Schubert; Songs (first time), Schubert; Eighth Symphony, Beethoven.

THE CECILIA. Mr. LANG having happily recovered the use of his broken left arm,—sufficiently at

least to conduct, with that arm in a sling,—the Club on Thursday evening, March 14, gave the promised repetition of their concert of Feb. 8. The programme was the same as before, with the very important restoration of the orchestra to its rightful place, before feebly occupied by a thin and dry pianoforte accompaniment, in "Athalie" and Schumann's "Gypsy Life." For the opening Overture to the "Magic Flute," before so well played upon two pianos, the Orchestra this time gave a good rendering of Beethoven's Overture to "Coriolanus." It was an Orchestra of fair proportions (about 35 instruments), and played with care, the noisier instruments being well subdued under the conductor's sway; so that the voices in that resonant hall (Tremont Temple) were heard to excellent advantage. All who improved the opportunity to compare this with the previous performances of *Athalie*, must have felt that now for the first time have they really heard this noble composition as a whole. The gain was immense. In interest, in musical importance and significance, in vital power and charm, it seemed another work. Not only did the instruments lend color, vividness, intensity, to what some before found rather monotonous and tame; they also brought out many unnoticed points and features into the light, made many beautiful connections and transitions clear, and showed the beauty and the value of numerous little symphonic introductions and interludes in various choruses, which passed unheeded and without significance when merely sketched by the piano. Both chorus singers and soloists (the same ladies as before) seemed to gain new life, new buoyancy and freedom from the swelling and supporting element; so that altogether the performance was a triumph, scoring a high notch for future efforts of the Cecilia.

Schumann's "Gypsy Life" gained even more from orchestral accompaniment. Its weird, fantastic images, with all the picturesque surroundings, were now presented in the strong light needed for their appreciation; and the intoxication of the rhythm and the sensuous, richly-colored harmony was now irresistible. It was sung and played to a charm, the dying away of the voices, in prolonged *diminuendo* on the last chord ("And gone are the Gypsies, but where, who can say?") was simply perfect, holding the listeners breathless.

The part-song ("Evening Song") by Hauptmann was this time much better appreciated than before. At all events it was received with the greatest enthusiasm and had to be repeated. Schumann's "Little Ship," with the answering horn and flute, was not quite so happy as in the former rendering; something was out of tune. The concert as a whole was the most successful ever given by the Cecilia. The prejudice, hitherto existing in our vocal clubs, against singing with an orchestra, must now, we think, confess itself unfounded; and it will henceforth pass for granted that the production of a great composition in its integrity, vocal and instrumental, is of too much consequence to be sacrificed to the perhaps natural, but blind desire of singers to have all sounds kept aloof which might divide the attention claimed exclusively for their own precious voices.

SANDERS THEATRE, CAMBRIDGE. Another large audience was in attendance at the fifth concert, March 19. The music was furnished by the Thomas Orchestra and a prima donna Soprano from the Imperial Opera of Vienna, Miss MATHILDE WILDE. The programme was the following:

Overture to Goethe's "Egmont".....Beethoven
Recit. and Aria, "Abscheulicher!" from "Fidelio".....Beethoven
Miss Mathilde Wilde.
Symphony, ("Scottch.") in A minor.... Mendelssohn

Introduction and Finale, from "Tristan und Isolde,".....Wagner
Song—"Die Lorelei".....Liszt
Overture to "Der Freischuetz,".....Weber

The first half of this programme, at all events, was as good as could be desired. With such an orchestra it could be only delight to listen, were it for the thousandth time, to Beethoven's wonderfully concise, impassioned and dramatic Overture to *Egmont*, and, for a hundredth time perhaps, to the romantic, graphic, beautiful "Scottch" Symphony. Both are works of genius, though with a difference, and of consummate Art, and both were executed to a charm. Fri. Wilde has the large, clear, commanding voice of a singer accustomed to the great soprano roles in classic Opera. The voice, however, is no longer in its freshness, and some of the tones are hard, not to say harsh. Her singing of the great Leonore Scena showed intelligence and vocal culture, but somehow lacked the sympathetic quality, without which it could not inspire. Strangely, too, for that orchestra, the accompaniments were not always free from fault, there being once or twice a slight confusion among the three horns.

Of the second part we cannot speak. In spite of many fruitless attempts to find any beauty in the "Tristan and Isolde" music, we would have stayed and bared our breast to its attack once more, but for the fact that our stern keeper for some time past, painful Neuralgia, gave us just then a sharp hint that it was time to come away. We really doubt if either that, or all the questionable fascinations of Liszt's "Lorelei" would have made the arm ache any the less; and the old "Frey-schuetz" Overture (the first music that ever wrought upon our young imagination) we can take for granted always.

The sixth Concert comes on Tuesday evening, April 16, offering the same Orchestra in Schumann's B-flat Symphony, and Beethoven's "Coriolanus" Overture; besides a new work by Prof. Paine; (a Duo Concertante for Violin and Cello); Soprano Solos, etc.

NOTICES OF THOMAS'S two "popular" concerts, of Mr. LIEBLING's concert, etc., are crowded out for the present.

CHICAGO, MARCH 23.—Since my former communication various musical matters have turned up, but none requiring especial mention here, except, perhaps, the concert of the Choral Union, the Thursty concerts, and Mr. Liebling's piano recitals. The Choral Union is a West Side society of about one hundred voices led by Mr. O. Blackman, the hard-working and under-paid superintendent of music in the public schools. This society has been in operation about two years now, and has attained to a state of efficiency reflecting great credit on its conductor. The concert in question contained Schubert's "Gebet," which is said to have over-taxed the resources of the society. I give this on hearsay only, as I was unable to attend. The *Tribune* spoke very complimentarily of Mr. Blackman, and I take pleasure in making it a matter of record here, as in consequence of this being a West Side society its former efforts have passed unnoticed by the press simply because of the inconvenience of a South Side critic attending them.

The Thursty Concerts presented several singers, but the music was so unimportant as to leave no need for comment here. Last Thursday night there was a testimonial to Mr. Carl Wolfsohn, which was a great success as far as audience was concerned, and I suppose also in point of financial outcome. The programme was only fair, the hired singers, Miss Thursty, Mr. Whitney, and so on, bringing out only their old and well-known "war-horses" of insignificant ballads. I really do not see why singers might not do something for the cultivation of art, as well as instrumentalists; but you know they do not. Here for instance is Miss Thursty, a prime favorite here and a really good singer, presenting programme after programme without a single redeeming feature in the way of really fine music.

Mr. Wolfsohn is a musician to whom any community where he lives will be very much indebted, such is his constant activity in behalf of what he regards as good music; and the audience that gathered last Thursday night must have convinced him that his efforts are not unrecognized. He brought out a pupil at this concert, a Miss Blumenfeld (I think that is the name—I write without a copy of the programme at hand) who played exceedingly well (they say) the first movement of Beethoven's 3rd Concerto with Reinecke's Cadenza.

Last night Mr. Emil Liebling gave the first of his two recitals in Hershey Hall before a fine audience. The programme was this:

1. Sonata, Op. 13.....Beethoven
Grave.—Allegro molto e con brio.—Adagio.
—Rondo.
2. a. Sonata, A major.....Scarlatti
b. Gavotte, Op. 16.....Niemann
3. Song—"My dearest heart,"
Miss Hiltz.
4. a. Etude, Op. 2, No. 7.....Henselt
b. Spring Song, Op. 18.....Henselt
c. Albumblatt, Op. 12, No. 7.....Grieg
d. Rondo Placevole.....Sternadale-Bennett
e. Tarantelle, Op. 12, No. 3.....Jadassohn
5. Song—"Bridal Bells,"
Miss Hiltz.
6. a. Les Deux Alouettes.....Leschetitzky
b. Spinneried.....Wagner-Liszt
7. Song—"Thou'rt like a flower,".....Rubinstein
Miss Hiltz.
8. Giga con Variazioni, Op. 91.....Raff

Mr. Liebling is a pianist of whom it is very difficult to speak properly, because it is not easy to decide what stand-point to take. Though the most fully occupied in teaching of any teacher in the city, it is not just to the others to estimate his concert-appearances merely as those of a teacher, for he has aspirations toward the concert stage. On the other hand, to criticize him as a virtuoso is hardly fair, as owing to his teaching duties he is unable to practice as he would like it. Still I think it may justly be said of him that as a pianist he is of superior merit, far above what we look for or find among our other teachers. His technique is already excellent. He plays with all necessary bravura, and with constantly increasing refinement. In this respect his playing leaves little to be desired. Still he is much more than a mere pianist. He is distinctively an intellectual player. His performances of, e.g., the Liszt arrangement of Bach's great G-minor organ fugue, and Bach's Suites, leave little to be desired. So also on this occasion, in spite of a serious indisposition, he played the sonata remarkably well, his reading of the second idea in the *Adagio* being new to me (slower than usual, and with more *innigkeit*) and there were little refinements and glimpses of the artist soul all along in the work.

In my opinion Mr. Liebling's weakness as an artist is in a somewhat too faint sense of the beautiful and the impassioned. It is this which permits him to compose such a programme as this, which in a succession of ten pieces after the first affords no point of repose, no moment of deep feeling. These entire ten pieces had to me the air of a succession of beautifully played *etudes*, rather than a recital of works displaying a high order of imagination. This effect is not so much due to a positive want of imagination in the pieces themselves, as to their unrelieved succession. In so arranging a programme Mr. Liebling is but one among many artists who underrate the impression great works (embodying the highest flights of genius) make on even uncultivated people. The many, as they approach geniuses, are like the ploughman who takes hold of the handles of an electro-galvanic machine. A slight current he regards with contempt; it is only when you turn on the full head of it that he finds voice to acknowledge the influence of the unseen subtle power. Thus the popular sonatas of Beethoven are the *Pathetique*, the *Moonlight*, and the *Appassionata*, three of the four which are fullest of passion. Others are equally beautiful; but these are the cry of the heart, ringing out so loud and clear that all mankind have heard.

As a concert pianist there would seem to be a great field open to Mr. Liebling. When he once knows his own deficiencies, he will in time be able to make his intelligence serve him in putting on the effects which ought to come of themselves spontaneously from the heart; and so while he may never move and sway an audience like a Rubinstein, he may at any rate achieve the equally useful excellence of presenting carefully considered, mature, reverent and intelligent interpretations of the highest works of genius.

The singing on this occasion added nothing to the artistic ensemble of the selections, though Miss Hiltz sang extremely well in her first song.

Mr. Eddy's organ recitals continue, as good as ever, and next time I will send a selection of programmes, and so remain,

DER FREYSCHUETZ.

Crystal Palace Concerts.

(From the "Times.")

These performances have been resumed, after the usual interval between Christmas and the regular season. The programmes, carefully made out and well balanced, as may be expected from Mr. August Manns, to whom the public is indebted for so much that is conducive to the encouragement of a taste for legitimate art, are, as always, varied and interesting. Three symphonies have already been played in such a manner as to uphold the well-earned credit of the weekly concerts which attract so many lovers of high-class music every Saturday to the Palace at Sydenham. These were the "Sinfonia Eroica" of Beethoven, the colossal "Napoleon Bonaparte" (thus originally styled by Beethoven himself); the D minor symphony of Schumann, generally known as "No. 4," because, although composed immediately after his first great orchestral work, it had not yet received its author's final touches till after the completion of his third; and Mozart's Orphean "E flat," to which allusion was recently made when speaking of its companion in "G minor," at the Philharmonic Society's opening concert. To name these is to answer all purposes. It is worth observing, however, that, while each in its way a masterpiece, Schumann coming between Beethoven and Mozart, like a valiant champion between a giant and a beautiful princess, no three works could possibly be cited which, beyond their admitted excellence, have so little—so absolutely nothing, if the phrase may be allowed—in common. This only shows how the individuality of a composer, always presuming him to be a man of genius, can be pronounced even through the seemingly indefinite language of "absolute" music—music independent of outward accessories. No one could possibly mistake Schumann for Beethoven, or Mozart for either Beethoven or Schumann, in the symphonies enumerated. Among the overtures hitherto given, also three in number, there was one from the pen of Mr. T. Wingham, an already distinguished representative of our Royal Academy of Music and a favored pupil of the late Sterndale Bennett's. Mr. Wingham is no stranger to the Crystal Palace Concerts, at which, some few years ago, his second symphony in B flat was performed, with well-merited success. He owes further repute to a Mass written expressly for the Antwerp "Feast of the Assumption"—highly commended by the Belgian critics. The "Concert Overture" in F, is the fourth work of the kind composed by Mr. Wingham, whose Concert Overture in E, "Festal Overture" in C, and "Elegy on the death of Sterndale Bennett," introducing the "Barcarolle" from our great musician's fourth pianoforte concerto, have all been given at the Crystal Palace. Its reception was so favorable that we are likely soon to hear of the overture again, with a chance of its merits being still more fully appreciated. Among other pieces which, if not to be styled "novelties," were at all events heard for the first time here, may be singled out Handel's so-called "Oboe concerto" in B flat—No. 2 of the series of six which recall the days of the "Ancient Concerts." This afforded Messrs. Dubucq and Peisel (oboes), Messrs. Watson and Jung (violins), a favorable opportunity of displaying their skill in the *obbligato* passages. Such a revival could hardly fail to please at the Crystal Palace, where, thanks to the Handel Festivals, the name of the composer of *Israel in Egypt* and the *Messiah* is a household word. More from the same rich mine would be welcome. Another revival calculated to satisfy connoisseurs was the first movement (why first movement only?) of Viotti's concerto—No. 17, in D, so admirably executed by M. Wieniawski that the omission of what follows was greatly to be regretted. No one could be otherwise than pleased to hear the accomplished violinist in his own Polonaise; but so little is heard now-a-days of Viotti, that when a concerto from his pen is introduced it creates a natural desire among those who appreciate his works that it may be given in its integrity. Perhaps no violin composer ever did more for the

advancement of the mechanism of the instrument than the once renowned Piedmontese "virtuoso," who passed some years of his life among us, in various capacities, as fortune turned up. That the compositions of Viotti deserve more attention than much which by eclectic explorers has been "rescued from the past" is incontestable. Besides 29 violin concertos, he composed quartets, sonatas, and very many other works, wherein for the most part the instrument of which he was so great a master is concerned.

The concert on Saturday afternoon presented more than one attractive feature. The symphony (Mozart's "E flat") has been alluded to already; and there is no more to add than that it could hardly have been better played than by the fine orchestra which Mr. Manns directs with such eminent ability and zeal, listened to with more undisturbed attention, or applauded more heartily by a crowded assembly. Herr Richard Wagner's "Faust overture"—not so much an "overture" as an embodiment in orchestral music of the impressions made upon the composer by the personages and incidents embodied in Goethe's immortal *Tragedy*—having been introduced at the Crystal Palace Concerts three or four years since, was no stranger; but though still a little beyond the comprehension of many among the audience, here and there puzzling even to experienced judges, it seemed to make a deeper general impression than on the previous occasion, and, while the applause at the end was by no means enthusiastic, it was easy to observe that much had been appreciated which formerly escaped observation and produced little or no effect. That the *Faust* overture is a work of singular originality and power can hardly be denied; that it can ever become "popular," in the conventional acceptance of the term, as in the case of others among the more elaborately wrought-out productions of Wagner, is unlikely. At the same time we cannot but regard it as one of his most deeply-felt and imaginative compositions—something akin, if not in form, at least in expression, to the *Manfred* overture of Schumann. [?] A novelty in the programme of Saturday's concert, in the shape of a pianoforte concerto with orchestral accompaniments, the composition of Herr Ignaz Brüll, was more than usually acceptable, and successful in proportion. The composer was his own exponent, his performance being as clear, unpretending, and masterly as the work he introduced to us for the first time. Just now, when almost every new thing of the kind is so pretentious, exaggerated, and needlessly spun out, to listen to a concerto modelled after the old "classical" form—a form that can never perish, whatever innovations may arise—and played in the old "classical" style, with perfect accuracy, natural phrasing, and quiet composure, is a real enjoyment. The pianoforte part in Herr Brüll's concerto is written in such a manner as to display advantageously the manipulative skill of the executant as well as his command of melodious *cantilena*, both indispensable in a work so constituted. Thus the bravura passages for the chief performer are as brilliant as could be desired, while the orchestra, of which Herr Brüll is evidently a thorough master, assumes all the desired significance in carrying out the general design. The concerto is in three movements, an *allegro moderato*, which, its prevalent style taken into consideration, might, notwithstanding its melodious counter themes, as appropriately be denominated "La Chasse" as other movements of the kind that could be named; an *andante* full of genuine tune; and an *allegro* just as spirited as the first movement. If in point of invention the themes of this concerto now and then conjure up reminiscences of themes we have heard before, though unable perhaps immediately to identify them, it is, as a whole, so well put together, so bright and cheerful, from first to last, that adequate compensation is afforded. The work and its performance were, as we have hinted, a genuine success. Herr Brüll played two solos by Chopin at this concert—a nocturne and a polonaise, the first of which appeared to suit him better than the last. The singers were Miss Merivale, a young *débutante*, who, in an air by Lotti and "Nobil Signor" from the *Huguenots*, exhibited a pleasing voice united to considerable promise, and Herr Henschel, the Low German vocalist, who seems rapidly making way among us, and who in an air by Carissimi, and Schumann's "Die beiden Grenadiere" made a strong impression—in the last more especially. The concert came to a termination with a very fine performance of Sterndale Bennett's overture, which, once entitled *Marie du Bois*, was afterwards affixed to his cantata, *The May Queen*.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
LATEST MUSIC.
Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

- Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.
- Nellie Brown. Song and Chorus. Ab. 3.
E. to F. Hays. 85
"She's a perfect little beauty,
My pretty Nellie Brown."
A pretty little ballad, of a pretty little maiden,
who lives, it seems, by the summer sea.
- O Salutaris Hostia. Duet for Tenor and Baritone. Eb. 4. E to G. Wiegand. 85
"Nobis donet in patria."
"With life eternal crown our love."
A fine duet, with Latin and English words.
- Tantum Ergo. Duet for Tenor and Bass.
C minor. 4. F to G. Rondinella. 40
"Genitori, genitrici,
Laus et jubilatio."
Latin words only, and is a duet of fine workmanship. It may be sung by Soprano and Alto, or Tenor and Bass.
- Tell me, bright Star! (Ad una stella). C. 5.
E to G. Tartaglione. 40
"Dimmi, bell' astro."
Like all good Italian songs, has a sweet flowing melody, which by the way, is the song. For all Italian love songs have substantially the same words and ideas; and, in the minds of Italian Maestri, the text serves but as a, sol, la to accompany the exquisite airs.
- Think of me kindly when I am far away.
Song and Cho. G. 3. d to D. Speck. 30
Not only think kindly, but sing this song for memory's sake, and for his who promises so faithful a remembrance.
- Instrumental.
- Remember Me Waltz. F. 3. Katie C. Calligan. 35
A pleasing waltz, which has the additional merit of being easy.
- La Tortorella Waltzes. 3. Arditi. 75
A pretty name for a fine set of waltzes of graceful Italian quality.
- Sweet Bye and Bye. Improvisation. F. 6. Pratt. 75
The highest class (in difficulty), arrangement of the wonderfully beautiful melody, which you can buy and buy, and yet be well repaid for the outlay.
- Norwegian Bridal Party. (Norwegischer Brautzug). Humoresque. E. 5. Greig. 35
These bridal parties are quaint frolics, with much riding, eating and drinking, and powder burning, and the humor and jollity are neatly copied in this music.
- Sounds of Joy. (Freuden Klänge). Waltzes. 3. Resch. 75
It may be a daring act to class these with Strauss waltzes, but they are not very different.
- Whoa! Emma! Waltz. D. 3. Read. 30
Contains the pretty melody without the drawback of the nonsensical words; also has part of the air of "The Man in the Moon."
- Alert Galop. A. 3. Keens. 35
Very neat and pretty, with a brilliant change from minor to major in the last part.
- Bella Donna Polka. F. 3. Annie Moore. 30
The Bella Donnas will do well to step to these lively strains.
- La Grace. Mazurka de Concert. Ab. 6. Staab. 50
Can hardly fail to win applause in any public performance.
- Johnny Morgan Galop. Eb. 3. Fernald. 30
One may not see how Johnny Morgan (with his organ) can either galop or waltz, but the air would make any one wish to try.
- Re-entering the Camp. Caprice March. Ab. 3. Ketterer. 50
In Ketterer's well known dashing style, and is a brilliant, taking piece.
- COMPOSITIONS OF GUSTAV LANGE.
This magnificent set contains nearly 60 pieces, of which every one is of more than average merit. All or nearly all are of medium difficulty, and are exceedingly graceful. Newly issued ones are:
- Heart Melodies (Herzenthüm) C. 3. 50
O say to Him, (O saget ihm). Db. 4. 50
Forget me not, (Vergiss mein nicht), F. 3. 50
Faded Flowers, (Fleurs fanées.) Ab. 4. 35
Laurel and Rose, (Lorbeer und Rose.) Db. 4. 60
Gertrude's Song, (Lied der Gréte.) Ab. 4. 50
Perles et Diamants, Valse. Eb. 4. 60
- ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. c to E." means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space."

